

WOODED AND WED ALL IN ONE DAY; SECRET 10 YEARS

Miss Routt and Young Jaeger
Fell in Love on Motor
Boat Trip.

BUT PARTED AT ONCE.

Bride Never Saw Husband
Again and Now Has the Mar-
riage Annulled.

Papers filed to-day before Justice Gleason in the Supreme Court reveal a picturesque meeting, wooing and marriage—all in one childish day's lark—which Miss Goldie Routt, a belle of Stamford, Conn., and an accomplished pianist, had been hidden from her friends nearly ten years ago.

Miss Routt was a pupil in Miss Baird's school at South Norwalk, Conn., on Sept. 8, 1900, when she visited friends at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. She was seventeen years old.

It was about dusk when they joined a motor boat party of young folks for a spin on the Hudson. Young Jaeger, a bright-eyed, handsome youth, just rounding his eighteenth year, was at the helm. He wore a natty sailor's suit of white and blue and a yachting cap embroidered with gold initials of his river club.

Cupid Worked Quickly.

As the speeding boat plowed through the river, young Jaeger and Miss Routt fell under the spell of the occasion. Cupid's arrows flew from heart to heart so rapidly that by the time the boat returned to the landing young Jaeger had proposed and had been accepted.

From the landing they strolled to a minister's house. To prevent their secret from being revealed they went to a nearby person's house—the Rev. William H. Decker—and had him unite them in marriage. Ashamed to admit that a colored minister had tied the nuptial knot, they went to their respective homes and locked the secret in their breasts.

Two years later while Miss Routt was in Europe studying music she told her mother of the marriage. Her father, Columbus A. Routt, a wealthy retired merchant, who then lived at the Dorchester apartments on West Seventy-third street, investigated and found the truth of his daughter's story. He never claimed his bride. She visited Europe ten times during the nine years which elapsed between the ceremony and the move to her present home.

Justice Davis heard the case at the close of last year.

Wasn't Seen Him Since.

"I went to Cornwall to spend the summer, met him and he just persuaded me to get married, and we got married, and that's all," she testified, explaining her marriage.

A relative of young Jaeger, who still lives in Cornwall, told of seeing the husband with a summer. Jaeger did not wish to defend his wife's action.

"All he said," testified the witness who served the summons, "was that he appeared and asked me what to do. He said he had made a tremendous error of judgment by being married by a negro clergyman."

Justice Davis at that time granted an interlocutory decree. The motion to make the decree final was made one day before the allotted probationary period expired. After waiting nearly ten years Miss Routt must now wait another day before she may be free to marry.

NOTED WOMAN PAINTER
HERE WITH ART TREASURE.

Guards Mysterious Object Jealously, but Denies It's Morgan's—
Will Exhibit in This City.

An elite artist passenger on board the President Lincoln, which arrived to-day, was Miss Nellie Harvey, an artist who has passed nearly all of her life in London, although born in England. She has exhibited pictures in London and Munich and brought over a number of art works. One of them is a small painting, which she carefully guarded in a satchel of which she kept tight hold.

The stewards were not allowed to touch the bag, and Miss Harvey refused to give details about her treasure in the satchel, she declared, however, that it held a work of art bought by J. Pierpont Morgan abroad.

Also, Miss Harvey brought a copy of the famous "Maidenhead" painting, "The Madonna," which hangs in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in London. It is a half-length portrait of a woman, which she has exhibited in London and Munich and brought over a number of art works. One of them is a small painting, which she carefully guarded in a satchel of which she kept tight hold.

Tax Bachelors for Baby Premiums? Disgusting! Says Dr. Anna Shaw.

"Suggestion Is the Direct Product of the Coarse Buncombe Talked by Mr. Roosevelt About Race Suicide"—Enough "Producers" of Children Now.

No Sense or Morality in a Surplus Population, She Declares—Motherhood a Vocation, Requiring Genius as Does Art and Literature.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



"Tax bachelors? Never in the world," says Dr. Anna Shaw. "Society would far better pay them an indemnity for the joys they miss."

"There is nothing this side of the throne of heaven to equal the happiness of a man and woman associated in marriage as companions and equals," continued the president of the National Suffrage Association, to whom I had shown a despatch concerning a bill introduced in the Illinois Legislature to tax bachelors for the novel purpose of paying bounties on babies.

This extraordinary measure is a much graver menace to intrenched bachelorhood than an ordinance passed recently in Ontario, Wis., taxing celibates \$6 a year. For if it should become a law it would affect a whole State.

The Illinois bill provides for payment by the State of \$100 to each woman who has a child within two years after marriage and \$100 for each child born within two years from the birth of its next older brother or sister.

The money for this purpose shall be raised by taxing bachelors of thirty-five years or older \$10 a year. There is a premium for twins and triplets.

"Coarse and Disgusting."

"I think this proposition, so far as it attempts to offer a premium for motherhood, is coarse and disgusting," said Dr. Shaw, indignantly. "It places a baby on the same plane as a prize-puncher or a blooded calf. What sort of mother would a woman be who would let a monetary consideration affect her disposition toward child-bearing, and what sort of a child would this be mother produce?"

"This thing," added Dr. Shaw, "is a disgraceful thing. It is a whole lot of other things are the direct product of the coarse buncombe talked by Mr. Roosevelt about race suicide."

"Did you see that newspaper story the other day about his seeing a garden full of stocks and exclaiming 'Bully! How colorful and healthy!'"

"Roosevelt says every woman should marry and have children. Yet God, who presumably knows a little more about running the universe, makes it impossible for many married women to have children and keeps other women unmarried."

"What is the sense or the morality, or even the policy, of a surplus population? Japan is so overburdened with a surplus population that to give it space to grow up she has to make war and grab territory—Manchuria and Korea, for instance—from other nations."

"One of the supposed benefits of war is that war gets rid of the surplus population. Why should women bear surplus children to be gotten rid of by war? The truth of the matter is that we have enough producers of children, but not nearly enough mothers and fathers."

What They Should Know.

"How many men can say offhand that grade their children are in school, what their studies are? How many men know the character of their son's school curriculum, the person from whom he will learn, probably, the most serious facts of life? It is a knowledge of these and similar things affecting the child's welfare that makes a man a father, a woman a mother. Lacking this intelligent and sympathetic understanding and influence, they are mere producers of children, no better than other animals engaged in a similar function. Think of a bull offering a premium for winners and triplets! Why, it is a law of nature that the bigger you get in the animal scale the more limited is the production of young. A rat or a pig has a large litter, a lioness one or two cubs, while among horses the number of cubs born is probably not larger than in the human race."

"Undoubtedly a tide will come," Dr. Shaw continued, "when certain women will deliberately choose motherhood as a vocation and the government will pay them for their service to the state as mothers. Some women have a perfect genius for motherhood, as others have for art or literature."

"I know one woman who has such a talent, such a fine spiritual calm in dealing with children that she ought to have a dozen instead of the four she possesses. If a child falls into danger, she doesn't rush after it. In a hurry, as I would. She knows it will develop an instinct to extricate itself, and she lets it alone. The child helps itself and so learns something by the experience."

Why Tax Bachelors?

"That when the time comes for motherhood pensions the money should be paid by general taxation, not by a tax on bachelors. Why tax bachelors?" Dr. Shaw asked.

"I suppose on the same ground that it was formerly possible to send a substitute to war," I suggested. "The bachelor pays a tax for his immunity from marriage."

"If marriage is such a fine thing," argued Dr. Shaw, "and I believe under the right conditions it is, why tax bachelors? Why not indemnify them for the happiness they miss?"

"I have married a great many men, though I have never been married," Dr. Shaw added, smilingly, for Miss Shaw has the title "Reverend" as well as Doctor.

"I should say I have united hundreds of couples in my time, and not one of them among the men. I attribute that to the fact that any man who is liberal enough to be married by a woman minister



OLD PENNSYLVANIA DEPOT IN JERSEY NOT TO BE SOLD

Officials Say Former Terminal
Will Soon Be Used for
Freight Service.

It is apt to have the right attitude toward his wife and children.

"A happy marriage," Dr. Shaw added, "is one wherein the husband and wife are equals and comrades, where they meet on an intellectual plane as well as on a moral."

Pennsylvania Railroad officials in this city to-day denied a report from Philadelphia that the company plans to sell its Jersey City terminal, which has been reduced in importance since the opening of the big new station in Manhattan. It was conceded that the company might, in the near future, abandon the use of the Jersey City terminal for passenger service, but both it and its Manhattan connection, the ferry slip and station at the foot of Cortlandt street, will still be of great value to the railroad for its freight service.

Since the opening of the new station in Manhattan, the Pennsylvania has been running fewer trains, both through and local, from the Cortlandt street-Jersey City terminal. Between New York and Philadelphia there are now but ten through trains east-bound and seven west-bound. Local trains have been correspondingly cut.

With the completion of the Hudson tunnel to Newark, Pennsylvania passengers may transfer to the Hudson tunnel trains at Manhattan transfer and where the Pennsylvania trains now change from steam to electric power. This improvement will be effected by June.

There has been nothing but the rubble this day in the Murphy boarding-house at No. 207 East One Hundred and Forty-second street. Mrs. Margaret Murphy, the landlady, is going to have a new set of rules printed to be placed around the halls and in bedrooms, and William Murphy, her husband, emphatically affirms his intention to enforce them.

One of the chief objects of existing rules is that guests shall not entertain visitors after 10 o'clock at night. It did not go far enough, says Mrs. Murphy. The new set of rules will provide that when a guest leaves the house he or she shall stay out.

Two visitors were calling on two different lady boarders when the curfew in the parlor struck last night. Each was notified that the suit pressing must be discontinued for the night.

They went reluctantly, not to say angrily, and with muttered threats to get even. At daylight to-day a great cloud of smoke puffed into the room where Agnes Rita and Veronica Murphy, daughters of the house, were sleeping. They ran choking to the kitchen and found it ablaze. The boarders were awakened and everybody got out safely, though many of them did in night attire. The firemen came promptly and put out the fire very quickly.

But they made the interesting discovery that four dead men lay in the kitchen and two in the parlor, one in an armchair, both also covered with oil. Mrs. Murphy said that she did not blame her boarders at all. But legislation must be framed to keep out their suitors once they had been put out.

SEVEN-FOOTERS ASK
TO BE POLICEMEN.

Father and Two Sons Hear in El-
mira That Gaynor Wants
Tail Bluecoats.

Three giants—father and two sons—called at the City Hall to-day to see Mayor Gaynor and make application to join the police force. Henry Bradley, the father, stands seven feet in his stockings, son Charlie tops his father by three inches, while Wayne, the second son, is six feet six. They had been informed that tall men were needed in the Police Department.

It was suggested that the tallest of the trio, who wore a high hat which made his attitude dignified feet three, would make a fine detective, as he would be able with a little training of his neck to look into second-story windows or peer through saloon transoms without the aid of a ladder.

The Bradleyes came from Elmira, where they are famous Mayor Gaynor was not at the City Hall, so the three were sent to Police Headquarters.

Easy to Sell.
(From the Elmsville Post.)
"Do you think you'll get a harp of gold hereafter?"
"Lord, no! I wouldn't quarrel with a banjo and a cool place to play it."

MILLION DOLLAR AUNT CAN'T DRAG HIM FROM CITY

Rich San Domingo Woman
Says Young Deboq Loves
Brooklyn School Teacher.

WILL DISINHERIT HIM.

Youth Prefers New York and
Hopes to Make His Way
Without Help.

Mrs. Carmen Deboq of San Domingo, temporarilyjourning at the Hotel Bellevue, is of the opinion that her nephew, Henry Deboq, is several kinds of a foolish young man. She insists that Henry, because he wants to marry a young woman of Brooklyn named Mulcahy, has forfeited his prospects of inheriting \$1,000,000.

But Henry betrays no emotion over the apparent loss of an immense fortune. He refuses to go back to San Domingo with his aunt, even at the risk of being disinherited if he remains in New York. And, although he does not admit it, he is in love with the girl to whom he is to be married within a month to a young woman of Brooklyn, to whom he has been devoted for the past two or three years.

Some eight years ago Mrs. Deboq, who owns immense plantations in San Domingo, brought her nephew to this city to educate him. She sent him to the home of friends in Flatbush, paid his board and other expenses, and he went through the Brooklyn schools and the Boys' High School. His aunt wanted him to become a dentist and entered him in a dental college, but he didn't care much for the profession and neglected his studies.

Wouldn't Leave New York.

Deboq was twenty-one years old a few days ago. His aunt wanted him to go back to San Domingo. She engaged quarters for him on No. 23 Beethoven street, where she was stopping. On the pretext that he had some business requiring his attention downtown young Deboq left the Bellevue Saturday morning, saying he would meet his aunt on the boat. She was to accompany him to San Domingo. Young Deboq did not show up at the boat and Mrs. Deboq at the last minute abandoned her trip.

She made some inquiries which led her to believe that her nephew had been kidnapped and asked the police to hunt for him. She said that despising persons had probably abducted him with the purpose of getting a share of the millions in which he was supposed to have an interest.

But Henry was not abducted. When he left his aunt on Saturday he repaired to No. 23 Beethoven street, Brooklyn, where resides a young woman on whom he has been calling for the past two or three years. There was a vacant room in the house and he engaged it.

Million Doesn't Excite Him.

"It is news to me," he said to an Evening World reporter to-day, "that I am heir to a great estate. New York is a small planet in San Domingo. I am a very wealthy woman, but she has a son of her own to leave her money to."

"She has paid for my education and wants me to go back to San Domingo and make some repayment to her in the way of services. But I like New York. There are better opportunities for a young man here. I am going to work with a concern that has offered me a good salary. I don't think I'll ever have to mourn the loss of a million dollars."

"I shall have to refuse to talk about my personal affairs, but my aunt is mistaken if she thinks I am giving up a fortune for the sake of a girl. I don't think I will get married until I am able to support a wife and that may not be for a long time."

Henry Deboq appears to be deeply disappointed over the attitude of her nephew. She is to return to San Domingo Saturday and leave him on his own resources with the boy in that he has become infatuated with a woman in Brooklyn and is going to marry her. "He is here," declared Mrs. Deboq. "He is very foolish for I shall cut him off without a penny. If he would respect my wishes he would come into great wealth on my death, and I would take the best of care of him while I am alive."

OLD CRIME BROUGHT UP.

Bar Association Reveals Past of
Lawyers Under Charges.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court to-day sent the case of Max D. Quinn, a lawyer, against whom charges have been brought by the Bar Association, to a referee for final adjudication.

The charges against Quinn date back twenty years, long before he became a member of the bar, when he was convicted of abduction and sentenced to a reformatory.

Quinn's defense is that he was a boy of eighteen then, and that since he has married and led an honorable life.

HEART AND BODY HURT, DIES.
Wooer, Killed by Girl and Injured
by Fall, Takes Poison.

Matthew Keefe, a sawmill guard, killed himself with poison during the late night in the bathroom of the home of Mrs. Anna Frost, with whom he boarded, at No. 207 Eighth avenue. He had hurt his head by falling against an elevated pillar a month ago. His mind was affected, and he brooded morbidly on the refusal of a young woman he had been courting to marry him.

BARNARD GIRLS WEAR BLOOMERS IN GREEK FRISK

Also Fool 300 Columbia Boys
Who Hired Windows Over-
looking Campus.

HOLD GAMES INDOOR.

Three Members of Faculty
Only Men Allowed to
See Frolic.

Three hundred Greek frisk of the Barnard girls was held to-day in Thompson's Gymnasium. Three men, solemn doctors of laws, science and philosophy, were permitted to observe the classic frolics from away back in the rear. The three saviors are members of the faculty.

Three hundred Columbia students who had hired windows overlooking the Barnard campus in the hope of seeing the Barnard goddesses play their Homeric games out on the campus, spent their money for naught, for the games were held within the embattling walls of the gymnasium.

But even had the comely ladies departed themselves out in the open, the inquisitive youths would not have been thrilled. Under each flowing Greek robe was worn a set of woolen bloomers. Sandals were worn over stockings, that were not even lattice-worked or clocked.

Not Daring, After All.

In fact the Greek costumes were not a whit more daring than a Dutch party gown, which involves anywhere from three to thirteen petticoats. The three men who attended the Greek frisk acted as judges in deciding whether or not the Freshmen had on just as much as the sophomores, which was a modest plenty. The judges sat throughout the festivities without blinking an eyelash or unhooking a chuckle.

All of the sweet young misses wore sure enough flowing Greek robes and sandals, but as for Hellenic realism, the robes and sandals played only a small part in the costume. Their hair was done in a La Grecoque and in Psyche knots and each coiffure was bound with a silken fillet. The sandals were of the same sort that Athens wore, when Athens were anything, but the rest of the make-up would have barred at almost Olympus on the ground of infraction of Zeas's pet sartorial regulations.

The Frisk Starts.

The Greek frisk was set in motion when the girls marched from Mifflin Hall to the gymnasium. Hundreds of Columbia boys were rubbing over the walls, but no delight was depicted in what they saw. The goddesses and naiads, nymphs and hamadryads were bundled up to their ears. Over their Greek robes they wore polo coats and flared over their sandals many wore gossamer and pubes. The gusty north wind tugged in vain at the filmy filaments of the robes. The hum of each garment was weighted with sinners for the march.

The Greek evolutions that went on inside the gymnasium were altogether classic in their purity of style and primness of deportment. The three learned doctors of the faculty now and then applauded with chaotic enthusiasm. There were their forty girl athletes and every mother's daughter of them were bloomers under their cheesecloth robes. Furthermore these robes depended below the knees, concealing the bloomers on all occasions save in the hurdle races and the broad jump.

Greek Choruses.

The most uplifting stunt of the day's frisk was the edifying performances of the Greek choruses, sans bloomers to be sure, but with robes that distended the floor and hid upon foot of petticoat beneath the robes. They marched and swayed about in classic manoeuvre and sang Greek songs. Some of the Greek dances were almost sprightly, however, and the tired-looking professors began to open their eyes toward the last, but modestly lowered them again when a frolicsome Miss Apple Pie draped almost three inches above her instep. The sky dance was the hit of the frisk, and there was really some upright grace in the course of the concluding evolutions.

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Mrs. Frost notified him yesterday that she was about to give up the house and that he must move out of the room in which he had lived for two years.

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Saturday, March 25
Spring Long Coats
\$10.98
Real \$15 Values

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Here awaiting you in every conceivable kind of long coat from the staid utility garment of splendid mixture fabric to ever dresy serges, and delightfully charming taffeta silks. The model pictured, an imperial French serge with inlaid pongee sailor collar and "dandy" touches of black satin.

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	Dozen	Each
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Corn—Finest Maine—No. 2 cans	1.35	.12
Peas—Sifted Early June—Extra Fine	1.50	.13
Spinach—Finest Quality—No. 3 cans	1.75	.16
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Olive Oil—Rising Sun, French—Qt. cans, 90c; 1/2-Gal. cans, \$1.00; Large bottle, 65c; Small bottle, 35c.		
Jellies—A. M. & C. Pure Fruit—10-oz. glass	2.75	.25
Apricots—Extra Fancy Evaporated—per lb.		.22
Bartlett Pears or White Cherries—Fancy California, No. 2 1/2 cans	2.75	.25

130 Chambers St. 57th St. & 6th Av. Broadway, 1034 St.
120 West 42d St. 120th St. & 7th Av.
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Saturday, March 25th

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DRESSES OF COTTON VEILING, Choice Colorings, 19.50

CHILDREN'S DRESSES
OF CHAMBRAY, DIMITY, LAWN AND ANDERSON'S GINGHAMS
IN A VARIETY OF MODELS, AT MODERATE PRICES.

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EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK
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TEETH
If you have three or four teeth I will insert a full set without a plate. I do this with absolute satisfaction. Examination of your teeth free.
BRIDGE WORK, PER TOOTH, \$5.00
Artificial Teeth
\$7, \$10 and \$15
DR. H. W. GUILSHAN
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SUNDAY WORLD "WANTS" WORK MONDAY WONDERS.

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It's good on
Steaks and Chops.

Removal Sale
PIANOS
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maker, which come to us in ex-
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\$45, \$65, \$140, \$175, \$190
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New York, 90 5th Ave., cor. 15th St.

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brain and
the body for
higher
places in both
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the material
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More Schools,
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Universities
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OTHER New York newspaper.

**More Every Day—
Especially Sunday**